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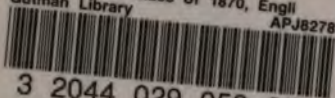


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HISTORY

OF THE

CLASS OF 1870.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.



HISTORY  
OF THE  
CLASS OF 1870,  
ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL,  
BY  
W. EUSTIS BARKER.  
WITH AN ALLEGORY,

BY  
FRANK W. DARLING.



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# HISTORY

OF THE

## CLASS OF 1870,

### ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

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ON one of the bright October days which preceded this winter of 1877, I sauntered leisurely along Tremont Street, in the City of Boston, my attention being about equally divided between the busy throng hurrying by with preoccupied faces, on business intent, or sauntering aimlessly, like myself, between these and the shop windows filled with wares as varied in their character and as wide in their scope of nationality, if not wider, than the faces passing to and fro before them. At last I came to the store of one of our largest furniture dealers, in whose capacious window nestled, it seemed to me, incongruously among brilliant tapestries and highly-polished and ornate furniture, a plainly framed but large and fine photograph, labelled, "The New English High and Latin School Building."

Before this picture I stopped, and gazed upon its magnificent and graceful outlines. Cast in the simple grandeur which is the most beautiful of modern architecture, generous in extent, low and broad, airy and light, for one short moment I envied the prospective high school boy; envied him as I went my way and pondered on the age that he was coming into; the age of enlightenment and wisdom and generosity; the age when learning begins to take her place by the side of and walk hand in hand with the beautiful and the healthful. For in

spite of myself the picture of the old school-house would come into my mind, displacing the grand picture which I had just left. The old building came back, as I saw it first, and as you saw it, dear classmates of '70, on the hot July day in '67, when we stood in its narrow yard, where the hot sun poured in his melting rays until the rough bricks seemed to simmer in the heat, while, when we were in the dark rooms, cool by contrast, the same sun seemed to have deserted us and did not suffice to warm us, sitting there under the examining teacher's eye, gazing in despair at the inexorable papers with inexorable questions to be answered, forgetful of date, item, mood, tense, case, river, or mountain, definition or orthography, in the newness and strangeness of the place, and our own awe of the stern examiner, who looked then the incarnation of all learning, and whom we never thought would be subject of our jokes in the future; or if we did think so we hurried the thought out of sight, lest the lynx-eyed master should detect it in our guilty hearts. But we get used to these things; familiarity, if it does not alway breed contempt, takes the sharp edge off of reverence, as a rule. But to return to the yard, or rather to the picture in my mind, for therein the yard holds a prominent place, as it was in the yard that we met, as each season of torture was over, to encourage or congratulate each other; to compare notes, coach up the shaky ones, cheer up the despondent, or gaze askance on our future classmates. There was a little of this, but not much, for the candidates from the different grammar schools clustered in excited groups, discussing their own chances and not caring much about the future relations of those around them. There used to be a melancholy patch of green sward, fenced in by iron railing, between the High and Latin buildings. A poor little patch of struggling grass, looking, oh, so lonely; so out of place, of such feeble emulation of the green pastures of the country; looking as though it longed for the sun, which it only saw when the vertical rays scorched its roots, and burnt out its little tender life! So forlorn did this look that I was glad to see it disappear, one day, that the place might be covered with the more appropriate bricks. But the



building rests in my eye now ; the tall building, rearing its granite front between those even more ambitious, which shut out the much-needed light and air ; and then inside, — well, all of us in '70 know the inside from roof to foundation. Did not the R. Society meet in the cellar ? Well, they can describe its exits and entrances ; and the circular stairway, with its well in the centre, where we used to drop —, in fact, anything, on the heads below ; the scarred, notched, and battered railing ; the wide, airy hall at the top, and the dark, dirty rooms below ; the master's desk on the right, the sink in the left hand corner, and the hard-used blackboard on two sides ; are they not all familiar to us ? But not to you, oh high school boy of the future. Light and elegance, and air and beauty ; these will be your portion, and only see that you appreciate it, and do not let them pamper your education from you, but if you must know that to your fathers education was a stern duty, and in comfortless rooms, bare of ornament save such little marks as erratic sponges or other missiles might have left on the walls, — they garnered the wisdom which has made them plan out and realize, as they will, the splendid edifice which caught my eye and caused the opening of this sketch. And now to you, dear classmates, the writer turns, to revel with you in the scenes closely allied to the old school-house ; to take you back to the dear old times, and leave to posterity a record, as far as it is possible to compile one, of the doings of the Class of 1870, written not consecutively, not chronologically, but as they come into the writer's mind, but always written without envy and without malice.

Silent and deserted has the old school-house been during the hot summer months, and the ripening leaves have commenced to turn red and yellow, and to fall and in turn get caught up and whirled away by September gales, ere the old school-house yard again resounds with merry talk and laughter, not to be hushed until the great bell rings and we troop in, and blundering into our respective rooms, sit down in silence to take our first impressions of the new life opening before us. No one ever will know the varied train of thought passing through the minds of the three hundred new boys

\*

gathered in the old school-house, but I think most of us made high resolves. There was something to be proud of in our position;—we had taken such a long step. Emancipated from the grammar school, we stood on the threshold of a new and higher range of duties, in a new and curious world. The English High had always such a name! The wise men who had grown up from it were pointed out to us, and vague stories floated round of the number and magnitude of our studies, the fierceness of the masters, and the stupendous, practical jokes, that in the good old times had been played by former pupils. All these influences, combined with the sense of our dignity, instilled into our hearts a desire to live a braver, higher life, and our good resolutions lasted firmly until the newness had worn off, and then,—well, for what came then, and for the lessons which we learned not down upon the books, follow me, classmates, in the failures and triumphs, during three years of high school life.

The English High School began in 1867 to outgrow its present (1877) quarters. The number of admissions, during that year, was two hundred, and the candidates came from all classes of the grammar schools, whether wisely or not remains to be proved. In previous years, no candidates, unless showing especial excellence in all departments, had been admitted from any but the graduating classes of the grammar schools. In consequence of the departure from this rule in 1867, two growing evils, sapping at the very foundation of the principles of the High School, at once arose. The first of these was the necessary softening in the rigor of the primary examination, in order to allow second and third class scholars to compete successfully with first class, and the consequent reduction in the vigor of all following studies. The next evil was the admission of a large number of scholars of such widely differing extent of culture, as to give each master, not only a class which it lay beyond his power to instruct thoroughly and individually, from its size, but also a class where one portion must of necessity retard the rest. How far these evils may go, and what may be their effect ultimately upon the English High School, once the noblest monument of educa-

tion in Boston, it is not in the writer's province or power to determine; but that these evils did exist, and had a powerful effect upon the character and quantity of erudition imbibed by the average high school scholar, between 1867 and 1870, he does know from actual experience and an observation made supernaturally keen by an ardent love for the institution in question.

But our province is not with the high school management (but these little things will crop out here and there), but with the Class of 1870, which at the time of which we are writing, that is 1867, was not the unit which left in 1870. The parts of that unit were scattered into four different rooms, to be merged into two rooms in the second year, and then joined in one room, the remnant graduated on the third; hence the extreme difficulty of writing the history of the Class as a class. And indeed so difficult is the labor that I will leave it to some abler historian, and content myself with giving you the history of a member of the class. "But," cries my inquisitive hearer, "Who is he? can he properly represent the class?" "Right!" cry the chorus, so I will introduce him as Joseph Gillot, No. 351, so called because he never rose any higher; and now, classmates, he was always at the foot, was an Innocent, and an officer of the R. Society; can he not represent you? Listen and see.

Gillot's first week at the High School was under the eye of the gentleman whose tastes led him so deeply into botany, mineralogy, and the like, that he learned to despise any terminations which had not the sound of 'y;' hence his pronunciation of arnica, America, &c., was, to say the least, startling. With him Gillot's stay was short, for his high resolves not having lost their effervescence, he did so well that by the end of the week he was promoted, and placed under the care of a gentleman, whose name, as it was abbreviated by the boys, gave evidence that the missing link to the Darwinian theory might have been found. In this gentleman's room Gillot met with many kindred spirits, and endeavored as much as possible to relieve the monotony of our daily routine of study and recitation. However, he never overworked, although another fellow, whom we will call Smith, and Gillot did actually work

for five consecutive hours, over a problem in algebra. Many thanks they got for their pains, too ; for although only those two had the right solution to the problem, instead of being lauded to the skies, as they would have been had they been at the head of the class instead of the foot, the whole class was called stupid, and set to work on the problem again, with more successful results ; and no wonder, since nearly half of them borrowed work from the two successful candidates. That disgusted Gillot, and he did not do any very heavy work after that, so it was a matter of surprise when, at the end of the year, his name was found among the "twenty" who went "up." Perhaps our Darwinian master had a spite against the next higher, and amply paid it off in that way. One little story about Smith, before we lay him on the shelf. On declamation days he usually came out strong, and did the pathetic in a way to draw tears from Mark Tapley. One day, however, the pathos was not a success. Smith's piece was, "Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey," which harrowing recitation had been rendered by hundreds of school-boys, in all stages of serio-comic sadness, and which Smith did very well until he got to the place where the venerable darkey is supposed to be shading the whites of his eyes, as he gazes intently down an imaginary river ; here Smith, while in position, stuck fast for the next word, and stood gazing at vacancy, while half the class tittered, and sundry friends offered marvellously inappropriate words in stage whispers. However, Smith gave it up, and left the class in pleasing doubt as to what "faithful Pompey" saw, if, indeed, he saw anything.

It was in this class that we, for the first time, saw the French teacher who flourished during 1867-8-9, and here let us stop and give a description of this master, ere we pursue such a fruitful theme. One day the door of our room slowly opened, and a fat little figure, which, dressed in the traditional cowl and gown, would have been the beau ideal of one of the jolly friars of the Robin Hood period, came, with a succession of short bows, slowly into the room. A fat little figure, dressed in a dark coat, a silk waistcoat with flowers embossed upon it, a checked neck-tie, and a not over-clean white

shirt, with a limp standing collar, drab trousers, gaiters, and a round crowned hat and ivory-headed cane, whose head was not more shiny than was the saffron-colored poll of its owner; these, with a fat, puffy face, and a double chin, completes the picture of our "Instructor in French," for it was he who was before us. Two years we knew him, and never lost the first impression received of him, nor was it a mistaken one. He took the platform that day, and tried to instruct us in the pronunciation of the letter 'u' in French, and he signally failed. For his request for us to purse our lips as if about to whistle, was so much like a command to prepare to pucker, that the class got into a gale of merriment, which made the little Frenchman dance about like a kernel of corn in a hot popper; which reminds us of the way in which the kernels of corn, surreptitiously placed in the round crowned hat, actually did dance on his well-polished crown. This Frenchman never taught us anything. His sentences were so outrageously absurd, his pronunciation so marred, either by the absence of all teeth but two, or the too prominent presence of those two; his gestures were so funny, and above all, his temper so hot, that the French hour was one that the masters generally avoided; although such frequent complaints occurred in that case, that one of our masters made a point of staying, and would sit and shake his fist at some reprobate even while he laughed at a well-drawn silhouette of the little Frenchman, seated on a velocipede, and held up in pursuance of a request that we should ask the French for objects.

Boys are quick to see defects, and generally ready to forgive, where they are backed by common sense. The Frenchman soon grew to be despised, and devoted himself, during his hour, to one or two favorites, while the mischievous spirits ran rampant. Hundreds of petty annoyances cropped up. Watches and knives being forbidden sight during the lesson on penalty of throwing from the window, it became necessary to procure watches of fine gilt, with colored glass chains. These were consulted with ostentatious frequency. "Gillot," roared the English master, one day, when that gentleman's watch had appeared for about the

twentieth time, "What time is it?" "My watch has stopped, sir," replies Gillot, with intense suavity, while the class roar. Knives made their appearance, too, the tall window sashes having been previously locked, and it was with calm delight that we watched the Frenchman try each sash in turn and get very hot over it.

At last it became necessary to remove from the room certain of the scholars, who were sent to report to the head-master, but doubtless forgot that important fact and went elsewhere; for it was about this time that the fair damsel, who presided over the cake and bun shop, near the schoolhouse, came to the conclusion that no trade at all was preferable to the rather piratical trade of some of these exiles, and that the saying about the benefits of having a "free sheet and a flowing sea," did not refer to sheet gingerbread and a sea of gingersnaps, consequently she requested the head-master to interdict her shop. Thus it is; the rising genius in youth is untimely cut off. It was during one of these brief seasons of exile that Gillot and three friends were larking in the entry, and enjoying themselves hugely by approaching the ground-glass door slowly in imitation of the master, and listening to the sudden cessation of noise and the inauguration of that peculiar and death-like stillness generally caused by the shadow on the door, and which lasted until the perpetrator peeked in and saw forty pair of studious or attentive eyes, and was greeted with a howl, and the noise and chatter resumed. In the midst of one of these cheerful surprises, which never failed, a substance in the person of the head-master was heard ascending the stairs. It was horrible! To descend, would invite inquiry as to absence from rooms. To ascend, would be simply running to the farthest extremity of a hole, sure to be unearthed at last. But necessity is the mother of invention, and hence one pupil, quickly arranging his companions before him, and seizing a book himself, the ascending master only saw a very attentive little class; and the ruse would have succeeded had not their own master, *in propria persona*, arrived on the scene in time to take in the situation. But to return to the Frenchman. He had one pet story, which, we trust, for the moral hid-

den in it every high school boy has heard, but it will bear repeating here. The story comprises the Frenchman, his landlady, and the boarding-house pie. We are not informed as to the character of the pie, except that there should be butter in the pie. Now there was no butter in the pie, so the Frenchman said. But there was butter in the pie, so the landlady said. Rash landlady! Did she realize that she was dealing with a man to whom art, sciences, and languages were but toys? He captured the pie, that is, what was left of it, and analyzed the pie. Behold there was no butter!! Triumph of genius! Admirable man! Crushed landlady! And the moral. Well the moral is, that right must triumph; because there was no butter in the pie. But the moral and story were forcible when told in the English of our Frenchman. We should liked to have analyzed that pie. No, we take that back. It was a boarding-house pie, and we had rather be excused; but we did like to analyze pies in our early youth; only strange to say our efforts in the pursuit of science were rarely appreciated as they should have been. Our Frenchman was only with us two years. Somehow he was not a success. He either knew so much that he could not impart his knowledge, or so little that he had none to impart. He gave up teaching, and endeavored to benefit the human race in a wider sphere. He started a lodge of masons. They were united by a common, but peculiar tie, that is, our little Frenchman owed them all, individually, the entrance fee. The lodge was not a success, but the Frenchman got lodgings—free lodgings—where there were no pies to analyze, and where the lodgers are always expected to be at home evenings. But when the Frenchman left the school he vanished from our horizon. His place was supplied by a thorough gentleman and scholar, neither of which was he. He is not forgotten, for in the files of the *Saturday Morning Review* can be found these words, the offspring of some poetic genius whose muse could find no better theme:

There lived a little Frenchman,  
A yard or so around,  
And precious little sense, man,  
Within him did abound.

His poll of saffron color,  
 Shone like a billiard ball;  
 Like Ned, the darky feller,  
 He had no hair at all.  
 Like him, the teeth were wanting,  
 To masticate hoe cake,  
 But unlike, his landlady,  
 Will never dare to bake  
 A ple, *sans* any butter,  
 Lest our Frenchman take  
 And analyze it for her.  
 In teaching us good French, sir,  
 He never will succeed.  
 So we can spare him hence, sir,  
 Very well indeed.

The three years at the High might be divided into three epochs of our lives. At first, our new-born resolutions are dominant, and during the first year they remain in a constantly lessening force as the days rapidly pass; so when the second year has familiarized us with the ins and outs of the school, all but the very studious are ripe for any amusement which may offer to relieve the tedium of the now monotonous life, and this desire for such relief lasts until the dawning of the last year, which brings the thought of proximity to the outside world, and fills the more sensible student with the responsibility of his duties, and causes him to settle resignedly, and all the more so, that his season of play is over, to the gravity of the work before him, and the attention it requires.

It is this season of play, interspersed with study, which we will now proceed to illustrate from a side which it rarely receives attention from, and to deal partially with the cause and effect of each prominent and lasting act of petty annoyance to the masters. In one of the second year classes were two prominent organizations, so closely allied and inspired by the same motives, as to be considered under one head. These institutions, their object, acts, and ends, we now propose to discuss, together with their moral influence on the class. The first and most powerful of these organizations, in fact the only organization since the other was but a part, and moreover being instituted by the master, can have no place among the spontaneous outgrowth of the class, was the R. Society. In the R. Society were



five prominent members, who were designated by the master as the five Innocents. These five Innocents, so named because all their acts were performed in the most plausible manner, and one calculated to disarm suspicion, were the head and front of all the little episodes which will grace or mar, as the case may be, this truthful history; and in all their deeds were they morally abetted, and often actually aided, by the R. Society, an institution of older growth, which had its origin in a manner which we will explain when we turn our attention again to that society, which we must now leave and return to the Innocents.

We have said that the Innocents were the fountain head of all the mischief which annoyed our masters during the second year. That means that the Innocents did all the work, and took all the kicks. If a joke was a good one, and the class in the spirit, then only the masters were angry; but if the joke happened to be a failure, then the Innocents got all the blame from both parties. Moreover, as a class they were despised; the studious thought they interfered with the progress of lessons (as they doubtless did), and the bulk of the class were not always in condition to take a joke, and as a whole rather despised those who made it their trade. But mark the sequel. Actuated by high and patriotic motives the Innocents pursued their course undismayed. Many a hearty laugh they gave the class, and meekly they bore the opprobrium of an ill-timed joke; and now where are those who ridiculed them; who condemned their waste of time? Do they, with all their opportunities, who never threw the class into convulsions of happy laughter, stand any higher? One Innocent charms us all with the music of his song; another stands forth the advocate of his fellows' rights at law; a third stands high in commerce with foreign lands; the fourth is an eminently respectable and bald-headed gentleman; and the last and worst of the lot is the writer.

But to return to the R. Society. There is no question but this institution had its origin, mainly, in that love of anything of a secret or marvellous nature, which is implanted in the human breast. But aside from this, the R. Society was sustained by a high purpose and

aim in view, worthy of a grander effort than the society was itself. It was the belief of certain members of the class that a system of favoritism existed, by which certain members of the class received more credits than was actually their due. To suppress, either by intimidation to the parties themselves or by a bold expression of disapproval, was the real purpose of the R. Society, although we very much doubt if any, beyond the first few members, understood the object of the Society. Unfortunately for the R. Society, its nucleus was formed of those scholars who cared least who got credits since they themselves rarely got any, so the purpose of the Society partially fell to the ground, although it grew in numbers, and soon comprised the better portion of the class. The R. Society began with eight members, who remained with it to the last. The Constitution prescribed that the Society should be known as the R. Society, and that its motto should be, Radical Revolutionary Reform. Each member was obliged to wear a badge, composed of three carmine ribbons, each emblazoned with a mystic R, in white silk. None but the original eight ever knew the meaning of the symbols, although various uneuphonious titles were at times suggested by non-members.

The officers were president, secretary, treasurer, and sergeant-at-arms. The treasurer had the least to do; the sergeant-at-arms the most. A song, peculiar to the Society, was taught to all members; it was as follows:

Tune: "*Auld Lang Syne*."

Says old Obadiah to young Obadiah: "Let's drink, Obadiah, let's drink;"

Says young Obadiah to old Obadiah: "So I think, Obadiah, so I think."

Says old Obadiah to young Obadiah: "You're drunk, Obadiah, you're drunk;"

Says young Obadiah to old Obadiah: "So I thunk, Obadiah, so I thunk."

The R. Society was still in its infancy when a circumstance occurred which demanded their attention. A member of the first division had been caught in the act of going down upon his knees to beg for credits on a failed lesson. A meeting of the R's was called, and in a speech of some length the president argued that the

sergeant-at-arms had better proceed at once to punish the offender. The sergeant-at-arms was rather inclined to *resent* this individual responsibility, and after some debate he was permitted to call upon any, or all, members of the Society who were not officers. The offender was duly punished, "*in soakus pump*," by being held under the water faucet until his brain was cleared, and it was so entered on the records of the Society, and the sergeant-at-arms was voted a shin-plaster, to repair his injured shin, which had received a severe kick from the struggling martyr. Shortly after this episode, two other members of the first division came under the Society's displeasure. One of these was a light-haired, and rather sullen individual, and the other, his chum, measured six feet, three inches in length, but was, fortunately, good natured in proportion. The Society's vote upon the punishment of these two was under discussion, and several new members, who had received no kicks or punches in former struggles, were very sanguinary; the rest were more cautious; and finally, the president arose to make one of his characteristic speeches. He (the president) remarked that it was emphatically necessary that the *smaller* of the two offenders be punished; against the other there was no direct complaint, as he was generally liked, but his assistance was certainly to be counted on by his friend. The president, therefore, suggested that both be taken in hand at once, and he named a day when it should be done. He (the president) regretted that he would necessarily be absent that day, but he trusted to hear a full report the ensuing day of the manner in which the vote had been performed, with a list of the casualties. After these remarks, the matter was laid on the table, and never taken up.

Up to this time, all meetings of the R. Society had been held in the cellar of the school building, unbeknown to the masters thereof; but an event occurred which brought such meetings to an unexpected termination. A fiat had gone forth from the executive, forbidding the use of the little bun-shop, on Bedford Street. Heretofore, this little place had always contained a warm corner in which to enjoy a lunch, but owing to

the action of some of the students this privilege was now debarred. The R. Society held a full meeting in the cellar of the building common to the High and Latin schools, to discuss the new measure. By a strange oversight, however, the sergeant-at-arms forgot to lock the door of communication with the upper regions. The meeting was organized, and the president addressed the R's in thrilling terms. He denounced the executive in thus snatching the (ginger) bread from the mouths of orphans and fatherless; he quoted from his favorite, Webster, exclaiming, "I see the smoke of furnaces, I hear the sound of hammers, where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs." "Can the executive," he continued, "thus rob us of the sweetened staff of life? Are they thus to trample on our liberties? No! I answer, no! and I, for one, mean to——." What the honorable gentleman meant to have done, will never be known, for happening to glance under the arches, he saw the reproachful features of the assistant master gazing upon him. He stayed for no more, neither did the rest of the R's. Without any formalities, the meeting was adjourned, and officers and members rushed headlong through the cellar, and climbing the banister, hand over hand, appeared before the Latin students like beings of a nether world, and vanished in laughter. all but one luckless wretch, who, either confused by his haste, or forgetting the Latin exit, sought a hiding-place, dove into the coal hole, and brought down the coal with a rattle that would have awakened any of the seven sleepers, and which brought him to light at once. After this event, the R. Society obtained permission to hold their meetings in the school-room, but no event worthy of special notice took place during the remainder of their existence as a society. A growing dislike to the principles upon which the Society was formed, soon became evident. The principle of many banded against a few, could never be long popular with fair-minded boys, and many who joined the R. Society, in ignorance of its object, soon neglected it, and at the outset of the third year it had become a thing of the past. The latter portion of the history of the R. Society might well be left a blank did not faithful history

demand its rights. Unable to find employment in its actual sphere, the superabundant spirit was forced into other channels, and becoming antagonistic to the masters, a series of petty annoyances was the result. The French master suffered terribly, and when he was away the English and drawing masters came in for their share.

One episode deserves particular mention, because it serves to illustrate the force of moral character as an example. Some anniversary was being celebrated by the odd fellows, with unusual vigor, and a procession of great length reached Bedford Street just as the long recess commenced. Of course the students flocked to the street corner to see the procession, and the moments flew rapidly by, until the recess was drawing to a close, when, warned by the bell, the head scholar in the class, who was perched in a window of the bank building, prepared to jump down. The R. Society, however, headed by the Innocents, forbade this, partly by force and partly by persuasion, and the head scholar, being of easy temperament, yielded to their entreaties, and remained at his post. The class could now have been divided, by an observant person, into three distinct parts. Rallied around the head boy were the few who had everything to lose, and nothing to gain by this dereliction from duty, but who relied on their previous good behavior for escape; next came the doubters, the large middle portion, who dared not run away in face of the others, but were doubtful of the moral support of the first few; and lastly came the untterrified, who were the least nervous, and who enjoyed the procession most, as they could lose nothing, and might gain in the common lot. Thus was the class divided, and thus they stood, until the twenty minutes allowed for recess had lengthened to forty-five; and still the shepherd, in the halls of learning, waited for his lost sheep. And a sheepish looking set they were when, after the close of the procession, they broke ranks, and after a short run, filed into the presence, eyeing askance the grim smile on the magisterial face, while the Innocents looked childlike and bland, and looked the force of example, which was evidently their plea for this departure from the direct rule. The lessons that day had been bad before, but they

were much worse now, and but few correct marks were set against any names. When two o'clock came, the master looked grimly over the list which contained the record for the day. "If any scholar has a clean score, he may go now," says the master. Little does he think that his words will be taken up. One Innocent rises, however, and slowly packs up his books, takes his hat, and calmly walks down the aisle. "Where are you going?" thunders the master. "Home, sir," blandly replies the Innocent, while the class stare in amazement at the audacity of the action. "Is *your* score a clean one?" demands the master, with incredulous wonder. "Perfectly clean, sir,—all zeros," replies the student, while the class roar; and then the student wanders sadly back to his place, and outstays the rest of the class. But he had his joke, and that usually satisfied the Innocent. The drawing master used to suffer somewhat, but only in petty annoyances, which he usually took in good part, and so escaped easily; although one day, when he had drawn two beautiful foxes, running in different directions, upon the blackboard, some future Raphael added greatly to the effect by joining the caudal appendages of these same foxes, which placed the two animals in the peculiar position of apparently pulling each other's tail out. One day the then assistant head-master took our class. On occasions when a new teacher steps in students usually offer a great deal of information, and upon this occasion they were far from backward. As a rule, it is not customary for at least eight of the class to volunteer to clean the blackboard, but they did upon this day, and the blackboard was washed cleaner than ever before or since. Occasionally as some student was pondering over the rather illogical ending of a proposition in geometry, the wet sponge would suddenly erase the figure, much to the young geometrician's relief, and the master's astonishment.

Thus the second year rolled on, the spare time between lessons, and often, time which could not be spared, being devoted to these and a hundred other less prominent acts, which, foolish as they seem now, were at the time the safety-valve by which much of the surplus

spirit of youth, as yet undirected into legitimate channels, found its exit. Before leaving the second year, however, one or two events must be spoken of. In the latter part of the year, acting partly upon their own impulses, and partly at a suggestion of the master, a few of the Class of 1870, first division, determined to start a weekly paper, to be supported by the class, and read every Saturday before drill. That this paper, which was known as the *Saturday Morning Review*, was ultimately a success, is a matter of surprise, for although starting under quite favorable auspices, it had to contend with that spirit of antagonism which greets any new idea. For some months that paper was supported mainly by the untiring energy of three persons, of whom one was the editor. These three contributed more than two-thirds of the articles under different names, and thus kept alive the paper until the class awoke, and then articles came in so fast that all but the best were refused. This paper was a very beneficial institution. It was the means of bringing to the executive ear many abuses which otherwise would not have been heard from; it taught its contributors to present their thoughts in a clear, concise manner; it nourished the desire for literary fame, which has since developed itself in one, at least, of the originators; and it helped to pass a pleasant and profitable hour each Saturday morning. Most of the pieces were short, but there were some long and exhaustive treatises on certain subjects which foreshadowed the calm, systematic thought, to be developed in those of our class who have chosen the legal profession. One great event of the season created a good deal of amusement in the columns of the paper. Just prior to the long vacation, in '69, the base-ball enthusiasts of the first division challenged a similar nine from the second division to a match game on the Common. We well remember that game, for Gillot, by a hard hit to left centre, sent the *S. M. R.* editor home, and tied the game on the ninth innings, while he got third and stole home with two out and a sure failure at the bat, although our side did score two more runs, thus winning the game by three, still it was a narrow escape. But to the reportorial corps of the *S. M. R.* this match was a

godsend. The ensuing day to the match was Saturday, and no less than five detailed accounts of the match were given, and the field of rhetoric was pretty well ploughed, while the class was harrowed. The *Saturday Morning Review* never languished. A celebrated discussion which came out in its columns was never settled, and few now can tell whether the Common looks beautiful or beautifully under the rules, although in point of fact the Common really looked neither when we were discussing it. This paper was the closing event of the second year, and the ensuing fall saw the Class of 1870 as it stands today.

While writing this article my eye chances to light on the Boston *Journal* of February 8, 1878, and I see a desire expressed at a meeting of the High School Association to call the classes by their entering, and not by their graduating year. Whyfore? Are those properly members of a class who do not graduate with it? Tenuous as I am of my right to be identified with the Class of '70, I do not call myself a member except by courtesy, because I did not graduate. And the Class of 1867! Is that right? Are they a class before the common duties, common trials, and common aspirations have bound them together by indissoluble ties? Then they are a perfect whole, and then entitled to a name, and not before.

The fall of 1870 showed the class as it was to reach its perfection. The separated divisions were united, and the consciousness of the duty to be performed and the end to be gained nerved each one to his best and highest, besides which, the *Saturday Morning Review* furnished a legitimate outlet for surplus power. The French master was a gentleman, and was liked; the scholars were graver, more manly; boyish tricks were buried in the past, and the fair year was given to the higher course of earnest, useful study. Some excesses of feeling, some outbreaks of spirit occurred, but as a rule the wildest spirits, like Prince Hal of England, became the wisest and gravest under their reformation, and as they had been looked upon as the legitimate leaders in mischief, their example had a powerful influence with the rest. The work done that year is now



beginning to show itself, and if what we have seen of the work in its infancy is a true promise of its riper manhood, then it can never cause us regret.

But the year flows steadily on until we come to that last sad parting. For the last time we gather in the old halls. The loud shout, the merry laugh, is subdued and hushed. Callous, indeed, is he who stands on the threshold of a new life, around him the companions of past trials and triumphs, and feels no thought of sadness at the parting, no anxiety lest the fair craft about to be launched upon unknown waters, shall safely reach their haven.

Surely, it is not you, classmate, nor I, as we stand with hands clasped, and thoughts rushing back over the past. The petty jealousies, differences of thought, are forgotten, forever, we hope. Whatever distinctions our school-life may have showered upon us are nothing now. In the great world before us we are on the same level. And here it is before us, truly. No longer dependent on others, no longer governed or guided, but as men, we step out into life, to make or mar for ourselves. Farewell, dear old halls, despised before but grown dear now! We leave you. Farewell, each classmate, though we meet again it will never be as we met here! Welcome the new, and Heaven grant that the recollection of our common intellectual mother may make us of 1870 brothers for all time!

So ends the little history of the Class of 1870. We have tried to show you the pleasant side; we have purposely avoided any subjects that might tend to stir up unpleasant recollections. It is true many things were unpleasant, but they were the result of an overcrowded school, and could not have been avoided by the scholars. Were it in our province, and connected with the Class of 1870 more than with all others of late years, we should have been pleased to discuss the beneficial or otherwise effects of the drill, under the system in which it was then carried on. One assertion we dare make. Allowing for all differences of time in the acuteness of observation, we maintain that the English High School is not what it was when we went there. Whether a new building will make any difference we cannot say,

but we doubt it. A new building will not strike at the root. But the Class of 1870 care not for this. We love the old school as it was, and we mean to stand by our love and each other. We know what it turned us out, and in gratitude we stand ready to lend a helping hand or word, if it is needful. In conclusion, we would warn each classmate of the danger of letting this feeling of love for our school give way to partisan feeling. Let us meet year after year, *all* of us, as members of the Class of 1870, as a unit. We honor each other for what we are now: let what we were then, die. Innocent or member of the R. Society, head scholar or foot scholar, of the first division or the second, let the knowledge of a common cause unite us year after year, and let the best of good fellowship and happiness reign, and let us, by precept and example, by kindly word wherever and whenever we meet, strive to make each other all that is highest, all that is most noble, and most christianlike.

And now a kindly word for our masters, and we shall have done our work, imperfectly, but as we best knew how. The sacred name of Sherwin always reverently passes our lips. That those of you who were amused by Anderson's dry and sometimes aged and remote witticisms should like him best, is equally true as it is that we, who listened to Cumston's genial humor, admired him. Nichols was always popular; and every sensible boy liked Babson, and there was really nothing against Woolson except his feet, his difficulty of pronouncing certain terminations, and his reckless disregard of bones in the anatomy.

Now that time has softened the contending passion, we can easily see how we must have stirred up considerable bile, at times, and we do not wonder that it "biled" over. We can truly say, we respected all the masters, even while we most annoyed them, and we would gladly see them more often now, and sympathize with them all if they have many more classes like that of '70.

W. E. B

## AN ALLEGORY.

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DEAR CLASSMATES:—It cannot but be with a sense of diffidence that I approach the consideration of a subject which, though as dear to me as to any, must still present itself besmeared with the touch and passage of some eight or ten long years. If a painter, however qualified, were asked to portray, as he remembers it, some scene which had grown dim in the passage of an equal time, and his work, completed, were to meet the eyes of some twenty or thirty others who were present with him at the time whereof he paints, it would prove but an unfair contest at the best. His critics at the first might evince somewhat of pleasure at his work, something of satisfaction at the finished product of his art, but all this would be momentary. An interest of a higher order than any mere appreciation of reproductive art would provoke a finer, deeper, and more exacting criticism. In fact, the more successful the artist, the less so must be the "reproductionist." If the execution be poor, much of criticism would be expended here, and few memories would be provoked beyond those which the artist had essayed to picture. But if the execution be good, each line, each tender color, would reflect upon those thirty minds scenes and incidents which the artist had failed to catch, but which now appear to them peculiarly intense and memorable. They would award him but slight credit for repicturing scenes which, though dead to them before, now resurrected, draw to them other and more subtle memories, which his brush could not recall or his fancy did not conceive; and bestowing little if any for the original conception which provoked and amplified their own, they would but wonder that the flashes, which now appeared to them, had not, in still more radiant glow, occurred to him.

The final judgment of his work would add no lustre to his fame, but rather tend to the disappointment of his friends and dull his own conception of his powers. How much more, then, will be the case here, where words must do the work of colors, and prosaic facts should be treated in all their prosaic aspects, without the touch of imagery or idealism.

There are many scenes which I recall, dimly pictured on my mind, but over which I have not that subtle mastery of detail which would enable me to picture them to others. Dimly recalled yet omnipresent, fitful yet fixed, these chords of memory, should I essay their music to your ears, would, like a string-wrecked harp, repel me in discordant tones. Their mission but to sing forever in the sacred cloister of my heart. Nor are these mystic memories—sweet clinging tendrils—my portion only; they dwell within the chamber of every heart, and need not my conjuration that you may feel their presence and their influence. The incidents themselves were born, perhaps, of humble parentage, under circumstances not otherwise to be remembered, and inhaled the breath of a short and flickering life, yet freighted with cargoes of exceeding worth, they have proved the source of inestimable and enduring value. Among such were those many deeds of chivalrous honor, self-sacrifice, stern adherence to duty, and affectionate wooing of grim-visaged learning, which, through two and perhaps three years of our high school life, were so frequent and so brilliant as to knit the indissoluble bonds which now unite us in fraternal relationship. Such deeds and such devotions were, as I have before remarked, of humble parentage, and lived but long enough to throw their genial rays around our young lives, to polish and adorn them. Yet it is to these silent messengers from the past, and not to their more noisy and more noticeable brethren, that we must attribute, more than we are wont to do, the pleasant sum total of our school-life. I have decided to use something of an allegorical method in my recital, and though cognizant of my inability to present the same to your satisfaction or my own, I yet trust that the method and incidents of my narrative will not have been offered in vain.

I desire now that you will step with me within the portals of a certain cemetery, and as we pass along the moss-grown walks, all hand in hand, as though we feared a too near judgment day, each for himself to read, to ponder and reflect, for each shall find food for reflection, and repentance, too. On entering, a ragged, worn, and faded figure approaches us, and asks our mission. As I relate it, the frown, till now severe, forsakes his features, the clenched hand relaxes, and the quick eye assails us each in turn, as one who doubts but yearns to be convinced. Conviction follows in the footsteps of his doubt, his face beams welcome, and he laughs and shouts and leaps for joy. And yet no sound escapes him; his laugh and shout are but the empty movement of the features, and his nimble feet, as light as air, provoke no answer from the soil he steps on. Gliding rather than walking before, he motions us to follow. Although we feel the unreal nature and the weird dispose of this, our guide, we entertain no awe, no fear, but rather is there something in him which attracts, a mystic influence which tells us that he is or has been kin of ours in the long days gone by.

The cemetery is divided into three distinct but connected parts. Our guide conducts us to the centre of the first, and upon a little hillock we observe a weather-beaten staff, surmounted by the inscription, A. D. 1867-8. Several paths diverge from this central spot, running to the edge of the enclosure. Upon reaching this slight elevation our guide motions us to follow our own instincts, and roam where'er we list. We separate at this, and I find myself alone as I roam down a winding, rustic pathway, leading from the right. Did I say alone? No, not that, for our guide accompanied me, and I seemed to gather from his presence a power of recollection and appreciation I had not otherwise possessed. The silent faces of the calm, marble slabs, which rise above the turf-grown mounds on either hand, demand more than passing notice. I have sometimes thought these same "here lieths," unsympathetic in their voiceless speech, are the one sole work of man connecting the mortal with the immortal. They are the spokesmen which stand upon the dread isthmus of all life, joining the

tiny area of our pilgrimage with the great continent beyond. Many of these, however, were significant only to myself, and it is not meet that I intrude them upon you. We now approach the entrance of a large grotto, upon the right, on the very outskirts of the enclosure. Two large trees, of the *Catalpa* species, flanked the entrance, and the wild, intricate underbrush seemed to forbid a closer examination. Somewhat perplexed, I looked to the guide for instruction. He pointed toward the entrance, as though bidding me to enter. This I tried to do, but could make no headway. At length he passed before me, and entered without effort. As I followed, I found that nothing now retarded my progress. Strange metamorphosis! The influence of his presence seemed to have produced the change. But I wondered not long at the marvel, for the scene within bade me forget the miracle without. It is indeed a tomb fit for a king. And yet it does not seem like one, but rather like some fairy's kingdom, suddenly depeopled by our entrance. The sun peers through the leafy roof, and glistens from the feldspar and mica of the gorgeous floor. This floor is one grand, though rough, MOSAIC, over which it would seem a sacrilege to step. Not only minerals but jewels twine their mystic rays about each other. In each corner a pillar of rare and costly woods, piled crosswise on each other and reaching to the roof, exhales its tender fragrance. Upon a sort of dais, at the farther end, are sundry articles which challenge my more close examination. Upon the centre of the dais, lying lengthwise, is a common school-boy ruler, one end of which appears to have been eaten by worms or decayed by age. Here is also a wide-brimmed felt hat, of colossal size. Can this have been a quaker, thought I? No, no; a thousand times, no. By the rich and gaudy appurtenances of the tomb it must at least hold the dust of a president of the United States, or ———, a friend and schoolmate of a vice president. Lifting the hat, I notice a tooth-brush, rather worn and faded, but still — a tooth-brush. As I turn to leave I notice upon the façade of the dais, a monogram, M. W., in the centre, and diverging from it in three directions, the words, Portland, Concord, and Boston. Beneath this

were chiselled three boots, marked with the same three names, and rather worn about the toes, as though they had in turn struck against something which was difficult to move. I step rather regretfully from the grotto into the avenue, and the air revives me; for, despite the brilliancy and grandeur of the tomb, its air had become stifling in the extreme, and almost choked me with an indefinable something unseen, yet felt. My guide seemed to enjoy my embarrassment, for the smile which he had worn continually since our entrance deepened into a broad, and, had I been able to decipher the meaning, apparently a significant play of the features. Unable, while there, to connect the tomb with any circumstance or epoch of my past life, it had yet seemed as though such connection really existed, had my memory been equal to the task. In deepest thought I stepped somewhat closer to my guide, and felt that I was nearer the solution of the problem; but it was only for a moment, as the space between us almost instantly resumed its former proportions by his action, who glided from me, and the connection, which I had almost grasped, faded from my mind, and nothing remained but the original impression of the tomb, with all its grandeur and oddity, and I could only imagine it the tomb of some queer, eccentric pedagogue, who, at his own desire, had been surrounded in death by the woods and minerals which had been his companions and instructors in life. A feeling as of a debtor who stands in the presence of his creditor, came over me. I resolved to quit the place and resume my walk, yet I could not do so without leaving some memento of my visit. I drew from my pocket a piece of quartz, containing several small, rough garnets, which I had carried since my school-boy days, and which had been given me by some worthy tutor in mineralogical study, and placed it at the entrance of the tomb. It was a small tribute, but it seemed to lighten my mind. And so I took my leave, following my ghost-like pilot.

There were many headstones whose lettered words awoke long slumbering memories; many tombs which, though small compared with the one I had just left, seemed to challenge my close inspection, and yet as I

attempted to decipher the hidden meanings which I knew were there, my mind, unequal to the task, grew more and more perplexed. I felt half-choked by my drear surroundings and wished I might escape, but a certain fascination seemed to have possession of me, not that of a morbid and unhealthful fancy, such as a traveller might feel who wanders through endless catacombs in close propinquity to death, taking, as it would seem, a sort of grim satisfaction in the possession of that spark of life which had been banished for thousands of years from the sightless orbs and grinning jaws which tenanted the crumbling honeycombs of these ancient vaults, but such as springs from a renewed relationship, plethoric with the jingle of reawakened memories, sometimes eluding the mind's strict search, but emitting a certain fragrance from the past which perfumes all the present. While musing thus, I found myself at the foot of a hillock, on which was the staff and inscription, A. D. 1867-8, and I knew that I had completed the first of the three parts.

My guide conducted me to the second, and I saw that it was extremely like the first, with its central hillock and its diverging paths, the only difference from this standpoint being in the inscription on the staff, which read A. D. 1868-9. Many of my comrades had now completed their examination of the first, and met me in the centre of the second enclosure. As we separated here, I noticed that each of my fellows spoke as to the guide and signaled him to follow. My guide was left with me, and yet they did not seem to notice his absence. Why had he devoted himself to me alone? Or was it my selfishness that kept him from the others? But it was too late to offer any reparation now, and I resolved that upon our meeting at the third enclosure, I would bid him leave me for some other. A few paces in advance, he led the way down a narrow and obscure pathway, overgrown with brush and evidently untravelled for a long period. Suddenly we came upon a clearing, and my guide paused. Fixed horizontally in the earth, and somewhat besmeared with dust and leaves, was a marble slab, on which was carved a multitude of figures and letters. I knelt down beside it, brushed the dust



and leaves away, and totally unconscious of my companion, began a close examination of the tablet. Its hieroglyphics, though individually modern, were collectively antique. In the centre of the tablet was the full carved figure of a man, somewhat below the medium height, with short limbs and small extremities. The face was full and round, somewhat wrinkled though (for it was evidently that of a man somewhat beyond his prime), and the mouth and nose were separated by an extremely narrow isthmus. The eyes were large and expressive. Had the painter, rather than the sculptor, touched them with the magic of his more potent art, they would have shone with a quick, piercing, searching light. I know not why I could read this from the cold, sightless stone, but the conviction seemed to have been borne of some inner consciousness which recalled this feature to my memory. The top of the head was nearly bald, but the mouth was the most distinctive feature. It was unclosed, and I took the liberty of peering within. It was chiselled on the inside, in a life-like manner, and the parted lips gave evidence of an extensive inner capacity, which inner capacity, said evidence did not exaggerate. The tongue rested on the bottom of the mouth and laid, perhaps, half an inch over the under jaw, as though swollen, and the teeth, — well, there were but two, yet they were extremely prominent, ill-shaped, and unclean. In fact, the face, as a whole, was unprepossessing, and showed all the characteristics of a churlish, erratic, vindictive temperament. Around this figure were many of those curious devices which display or comprise the mysteries of free masonry. The departed had evidently been a well-versed and, perhaps, ambitious member of the order. There were many quotations upon the tablet which had become so corroded by time as to be almost illegible. All of them, with the exception of a few Latin ones pertaining to the masonic emblems, were in French. By the side of these masonic devices were cuts of some inanimate objects, with inscriptions beneath. In the upper right hand corner appeared a small, white-handled pocket knife, with the initials, J. H. A. above, and F. W. D. below, and the inscription, "*Le canif de deux*"

*bêtes-noir.*" The handle was cracked in several places as though it had seen rough usage, perhaps been thrown from a second story window upon a hard brick pavement below. But this was all conjecture. Below this was a large watch, with a kangaroo spring. Perhaps, at some former time, some youthful malefactor had used this spring for the purpose of annoying "our departed friend." (Excuse the use of the expression "our friend," for, at the moment he is our hero, and we have the best of German authority for calling him so, even though he was the most shameless of libertines.) Below this was a large, heavy cane, with an ivory head (there was a close similarity in this respect between the cane and the man), and an almost illegible inscription beneath, which read "*Le\*\*\*\* de M. L \* Gal\*\*\*\**." Somehow the same feelings as those experienced at the tomb in the first enclosure came over me. I felt as though I had, at some time, had somewhat of intercourse with this man, but it had evidently been of an unpleasant nature, for a sense of deep repugnance came over me even in the presence of his last earthly habitation. I arose from the ground and glanced at my guide. He was standing several paces from me, with the same smile upon his features that I had noticed once before. Instinctively I stepped nearer to him and felt that I was nearer the solution of the enigma of the marble slab. I saw, or thought I saw, the figure of a former tutor, a professor of some dead or alive languages, but even as the light begun to dawn upon me, my guide glided from me again, and all was as obscure as before. Once more I knelt beside the slab and wooed its hidden meanings. But the virgin stone repulsed me, and I moved away to the consideration of other objects. Here on the left was a slab containing hieroglyphics of the odd fellows' order, and the inscription, "two hours for recess." On the right of the slab was the figure of a young man (or rather his head), which peeped from the half-closed cover of what appeared to be a rectangular sink, for inside, through the aperture, could be discerned a faucet and a large stream of water flowing from it. The half protruding face had a scared expression as though it were there against its will and comfort. Beneath were these

words: "Revenge — Tell-tale — S——th," the first and last two letters of the last word being all I could distinguish. The latter was evidently the name of the party who was being punished for the telling of some school-boy tale, which must have had some connection with the symbolic devices of odd fellowship appearing at the left. These were but a few of the many stones which attracted my attention and eluded my comprehension. At length we had concluded the circuit of the second enclosure, and entered the third and last. My good intentions with reference to my comrades and guide were impossible of fulfilment, for none of the former had as yet arrived from the second enclosure.

Without awaiting them we ascended the slight elevation which here, as before, marked the spot whence diverged the paths we were about to explore. Here, also, was the staff, with its inscription, A. D. 1869-70. As I looked about me I remarked the less ancient appearance of our present surroundings. The grass was greener, the paths more tidy in appearance, the shrubbery less tangled, and the trees seemed younger and nodded with less of that "tough old persistency" with which the more aged denizens of a forest greet the amorous breezes. There was something positively refreshing here, even for a cemetery. My guide seemed, also, to have inhaled the elixir of life; he had grown more materialized in form, and even his tattered clothing appeared neater and fresher than before. His smile was more cheerful, too, and I approached him nearer than I was used without affront. Of the many places of interest which presented themselves to me I can describe but a few. Situated upon the very line of dissection, between this enclosure and the one we had just left, occupying a commanding position of prominence, and of a rich, massive, gothic character, was a sepulchre which attracted my attention. A large column of white marble, surmounted with a wreath of laurel, cut from the same material, stood at the rear of the enclosure. Upon two of the opposite sides of this quadrangular pillar were the letters, T. S., and upon the alternate sides were the inscriptions, *Sic itur ad astra*, and *Pal-mam qui meruit ferat*. A sense of reverence, which,

strange to say, I had scarcely experienced before, came over me; a feeling of desolation, such as is sometimes awakened when the mind, eternally recurring to the past, stumbles upon some dreary void, not of forgetfulness but rather of non-action or lost opportunity, and cringes from itself. I knelt upon the green turf, not in the spirit of one who repents when repentance is too late, but rather of one who first learns the value of something when it has flown forever. Verily, the greatest losses we experience in life are of things we never possessed. An expectation unrealized is often more poignant in its effect than a realization blighted. Here lay one whom I had never known, yet he had known me; one whom I had never loved, yet had he loved me also. But ye need not go to this cemetery, that ye may see his monument; ye may find it wherever education enumerates the worthy masters of its order. His name is his monument, and with it may be conjured more sweet and tender memories than the chisel of man could furnish. Truthfully has the poet said:

"It is not just as we take it,  
This mystical world of ours;  
Life's field will yield as we make it,  
A harvest of thorns or flowers."

Rising from the ground, I stepped from the lot like the passive tool of the ancient mariner, almost bereft of sense, and unable to account for the feelings which had controlled me. My guide had been a brother to my thoughts, for his head drooped low upon his breast, and he moved before me with slow and tottering step. With my own head bowed, I proceeded down a narrow winding path, which circled to the left. My thoughts were far away, and I, through them, found myself transformed to boyhood. Once more I trod those old familiar paths, tiresome to me then, but fertile grown and pleasurable now, which marked the short domain of youth. Verily, something must have occasioned the train of thought which now possessed me, something in my present surroundings, and yet the mind as yet seems unable to grasp what the heart had already conceived. While in this mood I must have passed many interesting objects,

and I hesitated about turning back and revisiting such places, but I found it impossible to do so. My guide seemed to urge me forward, and my mind was clearer than before as I obeyed the mute appeal. Behold! upon the left a tomb, grander, larger, and more commanding than any I had yet seen. It was built of granite, and was situated some twenty feet from the path. Fronting it and reaching to my feet, was a beautiful lawn, across which and running to the tomb's entrance, were three distinct paths. The trees which skirted the lawn were young, and afforded but little shade; yet they were neat and tidy in appearance, having evidently been cared for by no unloving hand. Upon the keystone of the arched entrance were three initials, placed above each other, and I now became aware that there were at least three occupants of the tomb. The letters were C, A, and G, and appeared in the order I have assigned them, the C at the top. For a moment I could not enter. A deluge of conflicting emotions flooded my already perplexed mind. What with wonder and admiration at the beautiful Grecian architecture, and the emotions of a different nature which possessed me, I stood transfixed. We have all experienced such moments; moments when we have glided easily from some pleasant frame of mind into the domain of reverie. We float like bubbles on its surface in the bewildering ecstasy of eddying thought, turning purposeless from here to there, clearing all obstacles with an easy touch of carelessness, and lost to all consciousness of our position. How sublime the moment, and yet how transient! How rude the awakening! How sharp the shock to all our finer sensibilities! Thus I stood until the actual sense of my position thrust itself upon me, and I started as one who awakens from a long sleep. I looked quickly around at my guide, and once again I noticed the calm, benignant look of sympathy with which he regarded me. Motioning him to follow, I passed quickly up the central path, and stood at the doorway. Silently, and apparently without mechanical agency, the door swung on its hinges, and seemed to bid me enter. Within were three diverging halls, which terminated abruptly at three different doorways. Upon the central one appeared the letter C, and upon the

others A, and G, respectively. I stepped down the central hall, and the massive door opened ere I reached it. On entering I found myself in a dusky apartment, which lighted considerably as my guide entered. In the centre of the room was a large pedestal surmounted by a slab, on which appeared sundry inscriptions and many articles, evidently retained more for their significant individuality than for any intrinsic value which they possessed. A bust, which stood in the centre of this collection, attracted my attention. It was that of a gentleman evidently not far declined into the "vale of years," and upon the brow and close-cut lips one might easily descry a certain depth of character, and a firm, unshrinking will. It was a full, open face, with well-trimmed beard, reaching perhaps four inches below the chin. As I looked intently upon it the very warmth of my feelings seemed to kindle it into life. The cheeks grew tinted, the whiskers, like a summer twilight, turned to gray, and the sightless spheres took on the phase of life. Quick, sharp, and piercing was the glance they threw at me, yet with a merry twinkle in its brightness which had a peculiar fascination. How familiar it all seemed! Surely I must recall that face. It is that of some one whom I have known and loved, yet when and where, and under what circumstances? I turned from it a moment and stood lost in thought. Back on my memory flowed the scenes of many a day, when, on my successes or triumphs, that face beamed with all the fervor of appreciation and affection, or when, clouding with disappointment, it sternly rebuked me for the delinquencies or errors of the day. I had nearly grasped the chord which stretches from the mind's to the heart's memory, but as I glanced again at the features the warmth of life had forsaken them, and the cold, chilling stone repelled me. The sense of reverence which I here experienced was more stable and realistic than any which had yet possessed me. I felt that I had aroused a sacred memory,—that of one who had exerted a powerful and ennobling influence, and to whom I was indebted for more than I could ever pay. My feelings choked me, and I could no longer remain where I was. With my eyes fixed upon the marble

face I retreated slowly from the room, and the door closed softly, slowly, and solemnly, as I reached the hall.

Many minutes must have passed ere I returned to a consciousness of my surroundings. My guide stood at the entrance of the apartment marked A, but I shrunk from entering. My experience here had been of a nature so enervating that I did not care to farther prosecute my investigations. Verily nothing can sooner obliterate the manly part of man than the quivering arrow of pathos. Slowly I retreated until I had reached the outer door. For a moment I hesitated. What was the meaning of all this which I had seen? Where the significance of these countless habitations of the dead? My emotions had not been of an ordinary nature. Something of meaning there was which spoke from every stone and whispered from every breeze. What a change had been mine! It had seemed an age since I had entered the cemetery, in the flush of health and surrounded by gay companionship, yet but a few hours had glided by. In interest, how plethoric; in consequence, how wonderful! Thou nought of everything! thou city of the past! whose woods and vales, whose lights and shades, commingling with my nature, have cast a halo o'er the eye of memory, O, speak to me! Cast off thy spell and bid me live again! As through the ponderous clouds the bright sun peeps ere yet it bursts in majesty and hurls them from its wide domain with rage, so on the troubled mind the sun of consciousness sheds first its single ray, then, flushed with victory, one after one all doubts and fears are banished, and the wide expanse is clear! With one wild cry of joy, my guide and I flew to each other's arms.

I know not how we reached the starting point. Surely I do not remember of walking. It seems now, when I look back upon it, as though I had become etherealized by my juxtaposition to one who possessed the forms and features without the reality of life. As we neared the eminence my comrades were gathering from all points. What a merry and yet solemn meeting was that. All had evidently passed through the same ordeals, and experienced the same awakening as myself. We shook hands again with that fervor which

had not been ours since that bright June day, so long ago, when we separated, buoyant with all the rosy expectancy of youth, each to wage the battle of life in the broad arena of the world. Passing along through the paths by which we entered we reached the original starting point, and as I turned to bid my guide "good-bye," I noticed that each of my comrades did likewise, though the others were apparently addressing themselves to the empty air. I strove to apologize for my monopoly of him, but I found the others proffering the same apology. Then suddenly the truth dawned upon me, for each must have been accompanied as was I, and my ghostly companion could have been no other than THE SPIRIT OF SCHOOL-BOY DAYS.

F. W. D.







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